

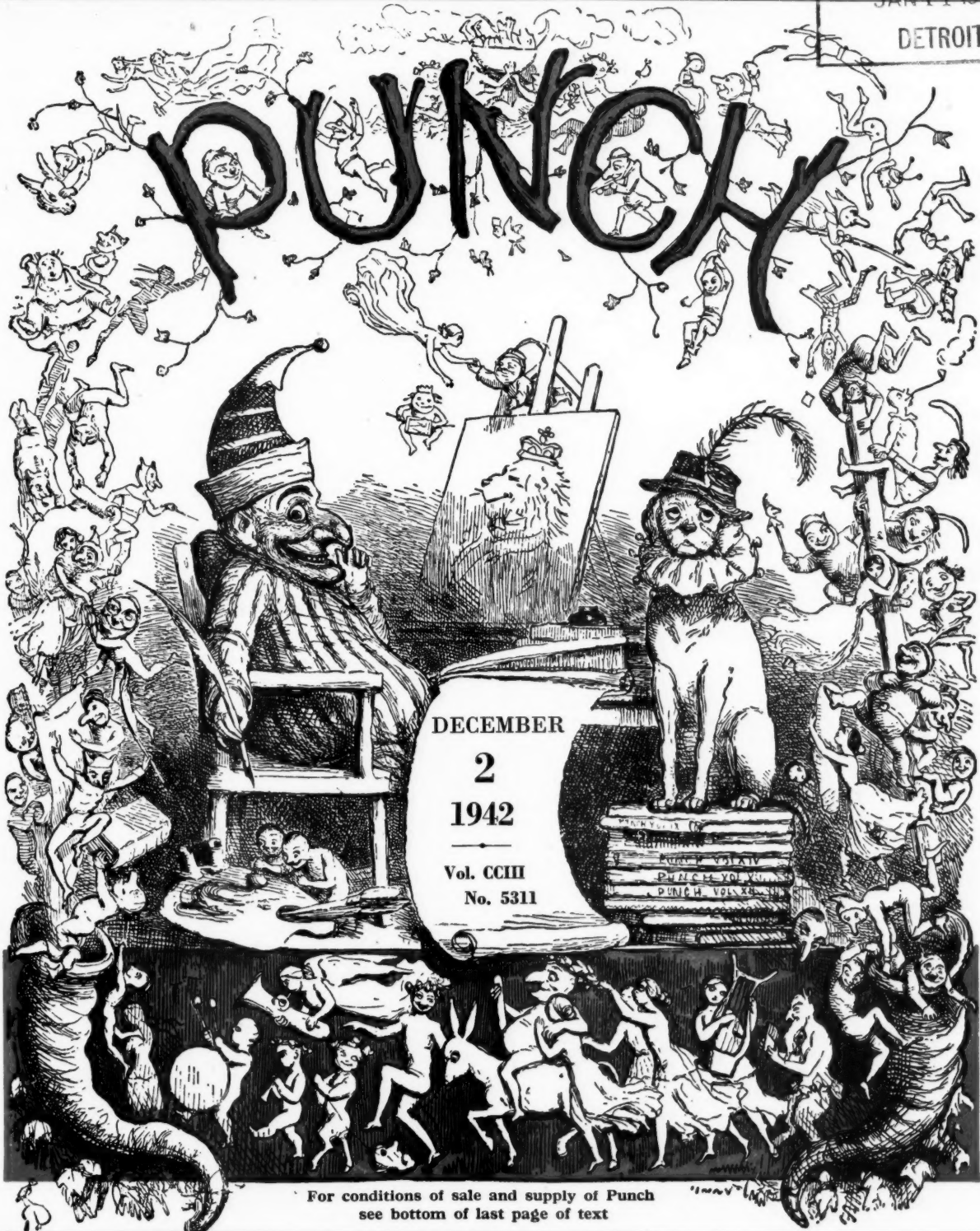


# HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS



JAN 11 1943

DETROIT



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please





BY ROYAL COMMAND



'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who was then making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Soon these cigarettes were the choice of every Court in Europe and of every circle whose members cherished the reputation of their taste. To-day Marcovitch Cigarettes are made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**

*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

Flat 15 for 2/- — 25 for 3/4  
100 for 13/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**



2oz.  
Airtight tin  
5/-

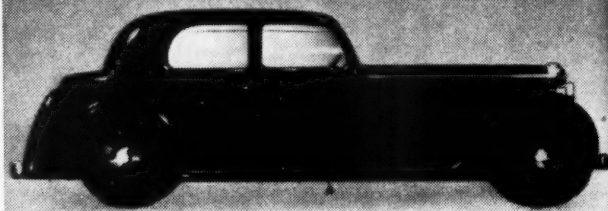
ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD  
in their 99th year.



**ROVER**

*"One of Britain's Fine Cars"*

The manufacture of Rover Cars has been entirely suspended, but our valuable technical experience will be reflected in the cars which will again be produced as soon as circumstances permit. The high quality which has always rightly been associated with Rover Cars has resulted in owners' appreciation of the excellent service they are obtaining under the present strenuous conditions, particularly in regard to reliability, performance, and minimum of maintenance.



WITH YOUR "LEAVE" SIR



ANTLER Travel Goods provide the "senior service" of comfortable travel—strong, silent evidence of good judgment. And lucky are those owners of Antler Cases—be they Commodores, Snotties or Wrens—for, like H.M. destroyers, Antler Travel Goods are light, sturdy and very dependable.



**ANTLER**  
*The Aristocrat*  
of TRAVEL GOODS

Manufactured by  
J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

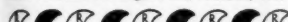
THE WORLD'S BEST LUGGAGE

# RADIO RENTALS

*Unparalleled*  
war-time  
**SERVICE**

**Worry!** Owing to restricted supplies only a few sets are available in certain Provincial Towns. Enquire at Local Branch. Over 80 Branches and Depots operating to ensure Free Service, Free Replacements, etc., to the fortunate half million who rely on Radio Rentals for their listening.

Head Office: 92 Regent St., London, W.1



## PHILATELISTS

If you seek a speedier sale than Auction **H. R. HARMER'S PRIVATE TREATY DEPT.** can best serve your needs. Write for the explanatory leaflet (price 1d.).

**THE BOND STREET STAMP AUCTIONS** are held weekly from September to July. Auction Catalogues 3d. on application.

**H. R. HARMER** Philatelic Expert and Auctioneer  
131-137, New Bond Street, London, W.1

You may not get as many as you'd like - but you'll like what you can get!

Some Meltis sweetmeats are still available, but these Meltis favourites are, alas, unobtainable: New Berry Fruits, Savory Candies and Duchess of York Assortment.

**MELTIS LIMITED**  
London & Bedford

Now made only in the popular  
**SLOTTED PATTERN**  
3<sup>p</sup> each



"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the look-out for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.  
**JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.**

By appointment to  
H.M. King George VI  
Previous appointment  
to the late King George V

# HARRIS

*famous for Bacon  
since 1770*

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD. CALNE, WILTS.



**Mr. Payle-Madder**, whose sublimations on canvas are the *furor* of the advanced art world, has been delayed in the completion of his masterpiece "Regret." It was of a doorknob, two fingerstalls and a bottle of pickle. Fortunately (for us) the pickle was Pan Yan and when hunger broke in upon inspiration he consumed this portion of his model with an omelette of dried eggs. Which having finished, he was heard to murmur: "Regret be d....d!"

# Pan Yan

MACONOCHIE BROS. LIMITED LONDON

Of course, Pan Yan is not so easy to get now, but Mr. Madder avers "Masterpieces are always rare."

# SPHINX

*as always -  
a quality product*

## 1942 JEWEL SALES HAVE BROUGHT £99,000 BUT Parcels to Prisoners

cost over £4,500,000 a year  
To give something you treasure to the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, is to discharge in part the debt we all owe to our men in Prison Camps. A Diamond Brooch, a Gold Watch, a Jewelled Bracelet - something ... please ... to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for the next

**RED CROSS  
Jewel Sale  
AT CHRISTIE'S**

The above Fund is being raised on behalf of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem registered under the War Charities Act 1940.

THIS SPACE IS A GIFT TO  
THE RED CROSS BY  
**BEECHAMS PILLS LTD.**

**CHAIRMAN** is a thoroughly good tobacco with the inestimable quality of coolness. It pleases always—however much it is smoked. Its flavour may not appeal to every palate, but ninety pipe-smokers in every hundred who can appreciate a good tobacco will find that it is what they want.

## Chairman Tobacco

Three strengths: **CHAIRMAN**, medium; **BOARDMAN'S**, mild; **RECORDER**, full. 25d. per oz. From tobacconists.  
Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

Welcome Always -  
Keep it Handy

## GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

\* Stocks still available but restricted



The ration  
means so  
much —  
the Quality  
means  
so much  
more.

**Bronnley**  
MAKERS OF THE  
FINEST SOAPS  
FOR FIFTY YEARS

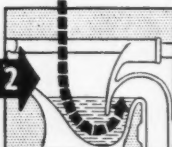
H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.,  
LONDON, W.3  
Celebrated for Beauty Soaps.

**HARPIC**  
cleans the lavatory  
easily

1 Sprinkle in  
Harpic,  
and leave as  
long as  
possible



2 Harpic's  
cleansing  
action reaches  
right round  
into the  
S-bend



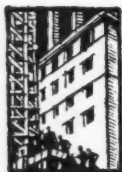
3 Flush the  
lavatory. The  
whole bowl  
gleams white,  
the part you  
don't see,  
as well



Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

**NOTHING EQUALS HARPIC**

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole pan.



# CRITTALL WINDOWS

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

## GIVE CLOCHES TO GARDENER FRIENDS



A Gift of Chase Cloches is assured of appreciation, for Chase Cloches are an invaluable aid to Food - growing success.

We specially recommend these selections:

**LOW BARN** Half Set (10 Cloches), 38/6 (Scotland, 41/-)  
**SMALL TENT** Full Set (20 Cloches), 67/6 (Scotland, 72/6)

Full list of Xmas Cloche Gifts sent on request.

**Chase Continuous Cloches**

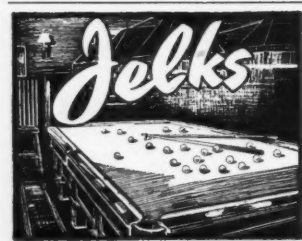
CHASE CULTIVATION LTD., ABBEY ROAD, CHERTSEY

## PROTECT YOUR HANDS

Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do not harden. From Ironmongers and Stores. 2/6 post 3d. One coupon per pair.



**Andy** GARDEN GLOVES  
TEDSON, THORNTON & CO., ROCHDALE



## Billiards Tables

Supplies are limited, but enquiries are welcome and we will do our best to meet your requirements.

HOLLOWAY RD., N.7. Tel.: North 2747

## MOTHS ARE A NATIONAL MENACE



NO ONE CAN AFFORD RUINED CLOTHES NOWADAYS, NOR COUPONS NEEDLESSLY EXPENDED ON REPLACEMENTS

CLOTHING IN WARDROBES, DRAWERS AND CHESTS SHOULD BE PROTECTED ALL THE YEAR ROUND BY

**MOTHAKS** THE GREAT SAFEGUARD AGAINST MOTHS

THOMPSON & CAPPER WHOLESALE LTD. SPEKE, LIVERPOOL, 19

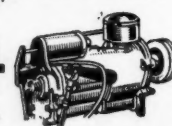
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Entirely Automatic CLUTCH OPERATION

by means of

**T.P.D.**

AUTOMATIC CLUTCH CONTROL UNIT



**LAYSTALL** ENGINEERING CO. LD.  
53, G. SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

## RATTRAY'S OLD GOWRIE TOBACCO

Even in these war-time days of feverish production, Rattray's are still able to maintain the thorough methods of the old tobacco blenders. Mixing, blending, sifting—entirely by hand—Rattray craftsmen are still producing tobaccos of pre-war quality. Such a tobacco is OLD GOWRIE, an all-Virginian mixture without artificial flavouring.

A customer writes from North WALES—"Rattray's Tobaccos (and I mean it) make all others seem quite impossible."

A customer writes from BERKS—"With kind regards to Charles Rattray who by the excellence of his tobacco does much to soothe us in these difficult times."

A customer writes from POULTON-LE-FYLDE—"I am greatly obliged for the continued prompt delivery of your delicious tobacco, a real solace in these days of stress."

Obtainable only from

*Chas Rattray*  
Tobacco Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND.



Price: 42/4 per lb., post paid.

## BOB MARTIN'S

in two forms—  
**POWDERS**



**TABLETS**

As a wartime measure, part of the output of Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now being issued in tablet form. One tablet is the exact equivalent of one powder, and both are equally efficacious in purifying a dog's blood. Easy to give, a daily Bob Martin's—powder or tablet—will keep your dog always healthy and happy.

IN PACKETS OF 9 FOR 7d., 21 FOR 1/11

**Ifco** LTD LIVERPOOL  
BATHROOM CABINETS  
STOOLS  
LINEN BOXES  
MIRRORS  
ETC.  
are Supreme



## SWAN PENS

For more than half a century the Swan has held undisputed sway over all fountain pens; it has a quality that must be kept true to tradition.

Owing to war-time conditions supplies are difficult. We are, however, doing our best and as our stocks become available they are distributed to our Dealers.

Please, therefore, continue to ask for Swan Pens and Swan Ink as your Dealer may receive his supply at any time.

MABIE, TODD & CO.  
LTD.

Head Office:  
26 Donnington Square,  
NEWBURY, BERKS.

## SWAN INK

Best British Brushes for every need



The KENT-COSBY "Allure" PERFUME HAIRBRUSH  
*Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!*

- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER.
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

IT'S A GOOD JOB  
WE CHOSE **MURAC**  
BEFORE THE WAR  
..... THIS BEDROOM  
COMES UP LIKE NEW!



How thankful are users for the quality and durability of Murac and Brolac... now that these paints cannot be made owing to the control of raw materials. The skill of our chemists and the high-grade materials that for long went into these paints are to-day in the service of our country! but when victory is won they will once more play their part in making a brighter, better Britain.

**MURAC**  
FLAT FINISH FOR WALLS  
**BROLAC**  
DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT  
with the enamel finish.

John Hall & Sons (Bristol & London) Ltd.,  
Broadmead, Bristol. London Office &  
Warehouse: 1-5, St. Pancras Way, N.W.1.  
The Strathclyde Paint Co. Ltd., Dalme-  
nock, Glasgow

## "Rest-therapy" — a successful treatment for INDIGESTION

REST is the finest remedy for strain. And Indigestion is a severely strained condition of the digestion. Give your digestion a course of rest and you provide the right conditions for it to recover its natural powers. So, follow this simple rule. Never eat a full meal when you are tired or worried or feel digestive discomfort. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides warmth and nourishment which you must have in a form you can fully absorb without the least discomfort or strain on your digestion.

**Why Benger's is so good for you.**



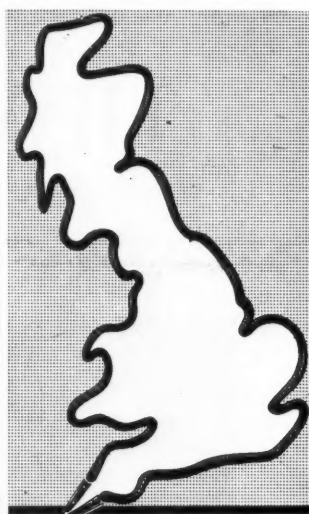
You could live on Benger's

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially pre-digest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all good chemists and grocers—The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

For neat appearance and the worthwhile qualities of strength and durability PATON'S BRITISH LACES are the best in the land.



A NATIONAL SAVING  
**PATON'S SHOE & BOOT LACES**  
FOR LASTING WEAR

FROM YOUR RETAILER—3d. to 6d. PER PAIR  
WM. PATON LTD.-JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND



EXPORT PACKING

For over half a century State Express 555  
have maintained their reputation as  
the world's finest cigarettes.

# STATE EXPRESS 555



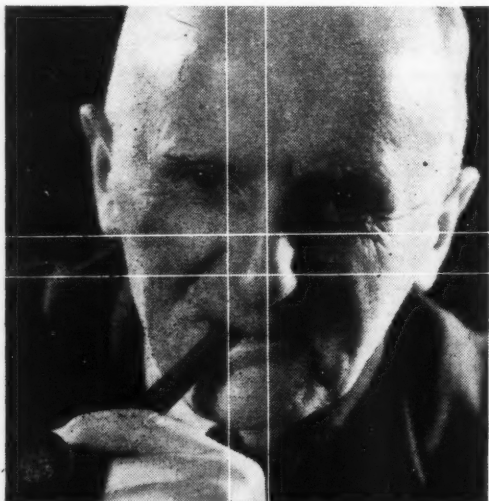
## Presents and the personal touch

The choice of presents will be more difficult than ever this Christmas, but if you can come to Heal's we can almost certainly help you.

Our price list of presents may not be sent free to our customers as in past years, but if you will send us a 2½d stamp we will gladly post you a copy.

# HEAL'S

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD · W.1



## Make each fill last longer

We are making more **FOUR SQUARE** than ever before, up to the very limit of our quota. And yet so great is the demand that every smoker should make sure that not a shred is wasted. If you find yourself throwing away a dottle of unsmoked tobacco from the bottom of each pipeful, try putting a little ball of loosely crumpled paper (a cigarette paper for choice) at the bottom of the bowl before filling. ■

■ Look out for the many other **FOUR SQUARE** hints appearing in our advertisements.

**DUTY FREE PRICES** for men overseas. **FOUR SQUARE**  
Particulars from your Tobacconist or  
**GEORGE DOBIE & SON LIMITED, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND**

## Inward glow

There is some consolation in the thought that the sheepskin which might have been used to make you a new pair of Glastonbury Slippers is probably keeping some Airman warm up aloft. Such warm-hearted reflections may help you to be patient, and we hope you will not write to the makers if you fail to find quickly a pair of Morlands Glastonburys in the shops. Distribution of the limited supplies is being arranged fairly, and, if you have ordered, your turn should come.

Meantime may we suggest that your old Glastonburys should be used with care. Remember, they are for cold weather—not for rainy days. Don't "soak" them; don't "bake" them near a fire.



## MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turn-over top.

A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined. Warm, serviceable, and neat.



## KING SIX CIGARS



**10½<sup>p</sup> each**

In Cartons of 2 & 5, Boxes of 10, Cabinets of 50.



*Look for the King on the band*

**KING SIX** is a British-made cigar, by Freeman's—the house with over 100 years' experience in fine cigar making.

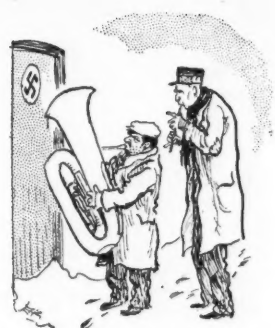
Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd., makers of fine cigars since 1839.

royds



# PUNCH

or  
The London Charivari



Vol. CCIII No. 5311

December 2 1942

## Charivaria

An American visitor says that on arriving in London the first thing he did was to have a ride in a taxi. Beginner's luck!

"The flu germ often leaves a person very weak and depressed," warns a medical writer. Serve the little beggar right.

The black-out, we are told, has caused hundreds of new bridge clubs to spring up in this country. So much for the rubber shortage.

"With the progress in methods of transport, we may live to see the end of railway trains," predicts an engineer. We saw the end of ours only this morning.

According to a successful author it is easy to write for money. The difficulty is to get a reply.

### Nuance

"Al Capone's younger brother, Albert John, has changed his name to Albert John. The change, he said, would benefit his children."

*Manchester Evening News.*

A Brighton resident says that on a recent Sunday seven relations descended on him without bringing any rations. But as it happened the church bells ringing that morning had nothing to do with an invasion.

"Have you tried smoking your own kippers?" asks a writer. No, not even with tobacco at over 2s. an ounce.

"Late hours are bad for one," warns a doctor. But they can be very agreeable for two.

"Politeness will get a man anything," claims a novelist. Except a seat in the Underground.

The Germans claim to have organized a one-way traffic system at Marseilles since they took control. A similar job was done by the Eighth Army in Egypt.

American soldiers have expressed surprise that so many of London's statues are undamaged. One must blame the authorities who failed to remove them to places of danger.

### Bathing Kit

"There is no particular virtue about a cheerfulness of spirit when we are swimming with the current and all those with whom we are voyaging are singing and throwing their hats in the air."

*From a Parish Magazine.*

"Picking up a horse-shoe on the road is definitely lucky," insists a gipsy. Provided, of course, one isn't motoring at the time.

A man in Eire is 107 years old. No interest in local politics, strict neutrality in international affairs, and being born in 1835 all helped.

It is suggested that unwanted pianos should be broken up for scrap. A correspondent says that for a long time his neighbours have been trying to batter their instrument to pieces with fierce duets.





## Propaganda and Truth

I HAVE been listening to the Brains Trust again, and I have only one fault, as usual, to find with their remarkable display of learning and eloquence. This fault is that they don't often tell the unhappy questioner what he wanted to know; and the polite compère, admitting it, smilingly passes on.

Thus, if the question happens to be (as no doubt it often does) "Why do cows graze uphill when it is going to rain?" you may be very sure that the structure, anatomy and zoological status of the cow will be carefully analysed, as will also the character and origin of grass and rain. Somebody will say that cows always tend to graze uphill at all times because it brings the ground nearer to their faces, somebody else will say that he has once seen a cow grazing sideways during a thunderstorm in Dalmatia, and if there is a lady present she will point out with acrimony that milkmaids are very unjustly paid less money for milking than milkmen, although the women do the job a great deal better.

It was so with the question of finger-prints. A marvellous amount of knowledge was shown about whorls, and it was agreed that the improbability of two men's finger-print whorls being identical was so great that it might be considered a scientific impossibility. But the poor fellow who asked about them was (I am sure) a martyr to detective fiction, and would have liked to be told whether a jury had ever convicted, or would ever be likely to convict, a man of murder on the evidence of finger-prints alone. How watertight has any alibi got to be if my finger-prints are found on the dead stockbroker's glass of poisoned wine? That is what every honest citizen is always wondering as he goes about his daily job.

And it was so with propaganda. Save for one dissentient voice from the other side of the Atlantic, the Brains Trust contented itself with pointing out that the best propaganda was truth, that lies defeat themselves, that our own propaganda is true and that of the enemy false, and that great is truth and shall prevail.

I don't think the humble inquirer thought of propaganda in terms of the righteousness of our cause, and the wickedness of the Axis Powers. That question surely was settled long ago. What he meant by propaganda was what I mean by propaganda. It is a question of queer little statements cropping up here and there, denied, suppressed, re-appearing, re-denied, or half-denied. As I see it, propaganda is (or at any rate a large part of it is) an apparatus for damaging the enemy and doing good to ourselves. And in this sense the truth or falsehood of the apparatus is less important than the skill with which it is used.

If a man shoots suddenly at me with a pistol, and doesn't hit me, and I fall down and pretend to be dead, and he comes up to examine his kill, that is the moment when I pull out my gun and have a shot at him.

If an enemy paper says "England has no ships. They have all been sunk," in order to encourage his despondent troops or despairing citizens, or to draw some useful comment from ourselves, we don't say officially "That is true, we have no ships," because this remark might cause alarm at home; but we may say "The shipping situation is very serious indeed," and if a neutral journalist writing from Berlin comments on the remarkable absence of ships in all British harbours and on the high seas, it would be a pity for us to accuse him of being a thundering liar; for he may encourage Adolf Hitler to believe what he would have only liked to believe before.

And so when a British ship suddenly arrives at a certain port and lands troops then the enemy is disagreeably surprised.

In the same way when I believed last winter (if I did believe) that all the German armies were frozen solid in the Russian snows and only waiting to be knocked off with mallets, it is not impossible that a German journalist employed in Ankara or in Stockholm helped to encourage my belief.

The point about war-time propaganda as I see it is that the most useful (not the truest) suggestion has to be made to the right people in the right place and at the right time. And what is true of propaganda is, I believe, true of aeroplanes and tanks and ships and guns.

Let me take the little story that I am at the present moment helping to propagate about the Germans in Norway. You need not ask whether I found it in a Swiss or Spanish paper, or whether it is the right time of year for such a story, or whether it came to me in vision or a dream. My story is that a vast visitation of lemmings has come upon Norway—so great, so like one of the old plagues of Egypt that lemmings keep popping up everywhere in the beds of the German officers, in their boots and pockets, and most dreadfully of all in their soup. The Germans eat soup (as is well known) so furiously and so greedily that they cannot stop to take the lemmings out before they swallow, and the lemmings passing down whole into their gullets bite them angrily until they die.

Now this story is not (strictly speaking) true. It is to be taken rather as propaganda; it puts the enemy in a poor light, and yet I still hope to hear two solemn thinkers discussing the strategic situation in a club, and ending up like this:

"And they don't seem to be doing too well in Norway either. I suppose you saw about the lemmings."

"Hm, yes—in their soup. Do you think that will really make a difference?"

"Hard to say as yet. But I don't think it's impossible. Migrating lemmings in Scandinavia can be the very deuce."

On the other hand the Germans themselves may have started this story to lure us into making a too lightly-prepared attack on the Norwegian coast next spring. As I write, I read in one of our papers that an "EAT MORE RATS CAMPAIGN" has been started in Paris. The statement comes from Lisbon. Is it propaganda or is it truth?

EVOE.

## The Foreboding

WHAT says this red leaf,  
Whispering to its fellow  
Dressed in bright though brief  
Panoply of yellow?

Tells it of far years  
In this golden morning?  
Has it for our ears  
Remedy or warning?

No, it only knows  
Winter comes to-morrow,  
Whose triumphant snows  
Shall heal Europe's sorrow.

ANON.



### THE STRANGER IN THE STUDIO

"... all necessary measures have been taken and the situation is well in hand ..."



*"High time they did something about a bath-chair man-power pool!"*

### Sam Doops

YOUNG Podgy McSumph walked into the room, settled himself well back in the big arm-chair, and stared at me glumly.

"Where have you been to-day?" I asked.

"I was oot," said Podgy.

"And what were you going?"

"I was racin' Sam Doops. An' I got beat."

"How did you manage that?"

"Because," growled Podgy, "it was your fault I got beat."

"My fault?"

"Because ye said I wasn't to start runnin' quick till Sam Doops got tired."

"And what about it?"

"An' Sam Doops was the winner before I got started runnin' ma quickest."

"How far did you run? What was the distance?"

"It was from George Merryweather's coat to Maggie Stoorie's hanky."

"Perhaps you should have tried a longer race to give you time to work up your speed."

"But it was the longest I've ever runned him yet."

"I'm afraid then you'll have to make up your mind that Sam Doops is the better man."

"I've runned him," wailed Podgy, "an' I've runned him, an'—"

"Yes, yes, but there's no use crying about it."

"—an' I've runned him. But I've just always got beat."

"Well, there you are, Podgy; Sam Doops, you see, must be a better runner."

"He's a dirty wee pig," snarled Podgy, "an' I wish"—viciously—"I wish he was deid."

"Now, Podgy," I said, lifting an admonitory finger, "you are a bad boy to say a thing like that."

"But," explained Podgy, looking



somewhat abashed, "I wasn't wantin' him to die wi' something sore."

"I think what we have to do, Podgy, is to try to think of something else you might be able to beat Sam Doops at."

"Whit would it be?" hopefully.

"There's jumping, for instance."

"Jumpin'!" snorted Podgy disgustedly. "But jumpin's ma very worst thing. Because auld Davie Stodge says ma legs is too fat."

"Well, what about—?"

"An' I told Sam Doops I got a shillin' from ma Uncle Peter. An' he just said he wasn't carin'."

"I don't think there is much use trying to beat him in that way."

"An' then I showed him ma red braces, and he put his fingers to his nose at me," indignantly.

"Well, now, what about wrestlin'?"

"But wrestlin's the same as fightin'. An' I've fighted him—I've fighted him near a thoosand times."

"So we must rule out wrestlin' too?"

"But," claimed Podgy, "he's never beat me richt at fightin'. Because he always knocks me doon before I get startin' to fight. An' Sam Doops got the measles an' naeboddy else got them."

"It seems to me he'll be a difficult chap to beat, Podgy."

"But everybody says he's just a dirty wee pig," said Podgy, apparently finding some comfort in the thought. "An' his troosers is all tore an' they're terrible dirty."

"How is that?"

"It's because his faither gets tipsy an' he's got nae money."

"But that should make you sorry for Sam Doops."

"But I would not be sorry for him," retorted Podgy. "I wish I could bash his heid aff." An idea seemed to strike him suddenly. "I ken whit I'm goin' to dae noo," getting up from his chair, "I'm goin' to shout 'Dirty breeks' at him."

"I will not allow you to do anything of the kind," I said sternly. "Going to call a boy names because he is a better runner than you are."

"If he beats me at runnin'," snapped Podgy, "I've as much right to beat him wi' 'Dirty breeks.'"

"Now, Podgy, if you go and do a mean thing like that you need never come back to this house again."

"But I will so call him it," growled Podgy, making for the door. "An' besides, I'm no' wantin' back to yer hoose. Because it's no' a nice hoose."

But about half an hour later Podgy came back. He stood in the doorway and glowered at me without speaking.

I waited, and at length he announced

in a sullen voice, "I've saw Sam Doops."

"Yes?"

"But I never called him 'Dirty breeks.'"

"Stout fellow!" I exclaimed thankfully, for the strain had been severe. "You thought better of it. You made up your mind you would try to beat Sam Doops fairly in the field. That was the way of it, wasn't it, Podgy?"

"Weel, it was not," said Podgy, scowling. "It was because Sam Doops has went an' got new troosers, an' he had them on."

"Oh. Well, that's——"

"An' he's just a dirty wee cheat," added Podgy. D.

## Off the Beaten Track

WE were sure, in the Technical Adjutant's office, that Driver Fishwacks would go far, though as a writer only, we thought.

Passages from his pen appeared frequently in the Traffic Accident Reports. "Two of my cylinders suddenly went missing," he wrote on one occasion. "I raised a human cry but I had to have a Accident." "What I thought was a gentleman was standing by but I soon found out it was a general on Pass," notified us there had been a witness, other than the police, to another slight discomfiture.

His lorries seldom caused much havoc, happily. Gates and their posts were never the same again; railings dissolved into thin air; road bollards perished; bridge parapets wavered—all in the day's work, really. Fishwacks rarely exaggerated whatever had occurred. "Scraped six inch of wall" was found to spell widespread dislodgment of yards of fourteen-inch brickwork. He took, in addition, a long view of what being on its authorized route meant where his charge was concerned. "Swung a pub board a bit," he had set down. The inn-sign in question—a stained-glass affair in the Brewers' Arms and fitted for neon-lighting—proved, however, to be completely shattered. What was more, its pole stood on the hostelry's pull-in well back from the highway. This episode of Fishwack's was an insoluble mystery. He himself could only account for it in his words of amplification: "Must have been going a fair lick past it when on my route."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Sometimes he was more sinned against than sinning. "I was struck hard in the back of the vehicle," one account went. "I learned afterwards a lady was overtaking." Not that Fishwacks bore ill-will against the fair sex. "Five ladies was talking in the middle of the street two went backwards two forwards one ran sideways so of course I had a Accident," is a dispassionate statement, surely.

What particular niche he had filled in civil life we never determined to our own satisfaction. "Drove a lorry of course," he said. Was he in control of that inevitable multi-wheeler which kept stolidly to the crown of the road on holiday afternoons pre-war, holding us up for miles on end, wing to wing and head to tail, all honking furiously? (Ah, me! Those were the days—but one must not give way to nostalgia.)

Where else on earth could the man have driven to prevent fate dealing him knock-out blows? Still, we like to think his panttechnicon or what-not had borne an extra large notice extending the courtesy of the road to one and all, for he was a generous soul, owning up, to a certain extent at least, to every small mishap. He was, indeed, shocked how a tank-driver could demolish half a cottage, say, and not even be aware that he had done so.

Fishwacks at last forsook the straight and narrow. "There was two rows of trees all leading in the same direction I was keeping in sight of the near ones unfortunately the road took a sudden bend so of course I landed in the farm hope this meets with your approval," was how he broke the sad news. The landowner's most repeatable passage read: "Last evening a fighting vehicle suddenly attacked my place from the direction of the main road. It berserked fences, mangolds, an out-house and nine chickens before a wheat-rick sat on its head. The driver admitted to the name of Fishwacks but contended he had done it all with a lorry."

Our forecast as to our contributor's future proved to be only partially correct, for, not long after the above-mentioned contretemps, Fishwacks himself went quite a long way. Somebody had a note from him recently. "Saw a big piece they call the sfincks tank jockeys out here ain't half careless and I bet they never tell farook," it said, "the sfincks face is all Accidents."

## Leash Lend

"EXCHANGE Springer Dog Pup with cash adjustment."—North of Ireland Paper.



"Apparently there's no one on the rank. Can I help you?"

## Songs of the Censorship

### Crossed Love

AMELIA, Mrs. J. G. ffrew, and Zita, Mrs. Tooth, Had been the very closest friends since days of early youth. They'd never had a quarrel, they led joint and blameless lives, Like Alcott's little women in that masterpiece, *Good Wives*.

When war broke out their husbands joined the Services and went—

J. Gogol ffrew to Mandalay and Tooth to Stoke-on-Trent. Amelia and Zita, filled with patriotic pride, Enlisted in the Censorship, and snooped there side by side.

One morning—what coincidence!—Amelia read a note Which filled her eyes with scalding tears, brought lumps into her throat,

For in it, plain as pikestaff, Major ffrew, her own J. G., Was writing torrid words of love to Zita, Mrs. T.

She turned dumb eyes to Zita, only Zita wasn't there— She'd left the room that moment, overcome, to seek the air Because—renewed coincidence!—she'd found a *billet-doux* In positively purple terms from Tooth to Mrs. ffrew.

They wept in separate corners, and their tears formed separate pools,

They separately sought guidance in the Censor's Book of Rules,

And there, in Chapter X, were words to make them stop and think—

"A censor who tells secrets will get fifteen years in clink."

The style was somewhat bourgeois, but the meaning crystal clear.

Whatever either of them knew, the other mustn't hear. As the letters grew more frequent so their silence grew more firm,

They still adored each other, but their husbands made them squirm.

Each day, without a murmur, though she simmered underneath,

Amelia read the Major's dope, and longed to kick his teeth. While Zita, with a saint-like smile, but scarlet in the gill, Saw sloppy stuff from Stoke-on-Trent that nearly made her ill.

For months, with mounting passion, this went on. One Saturday

A note invited Zita Tooth to live in Mandalay, While, by the very self-same post, a similar request Asked Mrs. ffrew to Stoke-on-Trent. (You clever guy, you guessed!)

The situation seemed to call for really earnest thought. Each longed to talk it over but if either one were caught Revealing to the other what she'd found out from the mail,

It meant an awful wiggling and some fifteen years in jail.

To write each other's husbands and refuse to go was rude; To raise the moral issue would be acting like a prude; To go, of course, was even worse—each thought she'd break her heart,

If, having lived together all their lives, they had to part.

Once more they stood in separate corners shedding separate tears

With similar and synchronous, but wholly separate, fears. Once more they thumbed the Censor's Book of Rules to seek a Sign,

Once more they found it. Chapter XII. "A censor may resign."

Behold, complete solution! How they rushed with one accord

To bung their notice in before the Central Censor Board! An hour later they were free. They talked without a stop

For fifteen days. And that is where we'll let the matter drop.

o o

## H. J. Talking

ONE of the most interesting experiences in my life was spending a few weeks as Clerk of the Kitchen to a duke. I had put an advertisement into the paper which said "Wanted—A novel and adventurous holiday; go anywhere and do anything; nominal salary; very cultured; good with children; handsome without being flashy; non-teetotaler." I got three replies. One was from an expedition which hoped to discover a lost tribe in Kenya, but I did not join this as a friend of mine had once discovered one and it was a sort of tribe that he had the greatest trouble in losing again. Another was from a firm

called "The Literary Masterpiece Trading Corporation" which offered me the job of selling illustrated sets of *The Decline and Fall*, on the instalment plan, and who it was illustrated by was Phil May. The last suggestion was from an agency who said that if I gave them twenty per cent. of my wages they would fix me up with a duke and no questions asked, and with this offer I closed.

As Clerk of the Kitchen I busied myself with controlling the cooks, scullions and various specialized persons such as fish-friers and tin-openers. I did not of course do any actual cooking myself but merely put the final polish on the food, lighting the brandy or sprinkling cherries on the trifle, for example. I also had the delicate task of working into the menu any animals shot or otherwise destroyed by the duke and his guests, and he having many short-sighted friends and a private zoo in the grounds, I was faced with some difficult problems, though hash could be relied upon to solve most. One day I decided to revive an ancient custom and had myself served inside a large pie, intending to rise when it was cut open, bow to the company and fire off a series of witty remarks for their entertainment. I assiduously studied biographies of Voltaire, Talleyrand, and Jowett, remembering that these were noted for their impromptus, and I extracted some forty or fifty remarks which I wrote down on pieces of paper ready, appending English translations for the French ones, my accent having suffered in early life through my believing that the accents meant you said the vowel underneath extra loud. I was rather doubtful what was the correct dress to wear inside a pie-dish. A white tie and tails might give the impression that I considered myself one of the diners. Livery seemed to require a powdered head and I did not know what effect the cooking would have on the flour. I consulted the duke's valet, who prided himself on knowing the correct attire for every occasion, and he pointed out that if there was gravy in with me it would be best to wear a bathing-dress or oilskins. I decided after reflection to cancel the gravy and finally used an old fancy-dress I had by me, and what it represented was Jack the Ripper. Unfortunately, this failed of its full effect because to spite me the chef made the pastry so solid that nobody could cut it through, and though I tried to cut my own way out with a pocket-knife, I could make only a small hole through which I had to shout my witticisms, and it was not until I had nearly finished that I remembered to tell the company that I was in a disguise and what I should look like if they could see me.

This duke had many aristocratic habits, among such being the presentation of livings to poor relations. Once a month he would have a dinner-party and after it he would summon the candidates from the lower end of the table, where they had been served with the short dinner, and examine them carefully, putting posers on such subjects as dilapidations, the rules of cricket and how to stoke boilers, he having once suffered a severe cold while visiting a church in which the heating had gone wrong. The successful poor relation was then expected to express his gratitude in shapely Latin verses, it being a favourite theory of the duke's that keeping up their classical studies kept the clergy out of mischief.

It was also His Grace's custom to make one speech each session in the House of Lords, and what this speech was on was the London Matriculation, which he had failed three times at school, this giving him bitter feelings towards it, and as in the House of Lords you can accuse anyone of anything he would say the most dreadful things about the examiners and charge them with graft, ignorance and inverted snobbery, saying that if he had been a commoner he would have been top, and to prove his point he would

read essays, which had really been written secretly by his secretary, and they would be on such subjects as "Stamp-Collecting," "Birds'-Nesting," and "My Favourite School Story."

It is doubtful if in fact the London Matriculation is really essential for peers, because it is common knowledge that education never really fits you for what you actually become. In this connection it sometimes occurs to me to wonder why there is so little resemblance between medical students and doctors, the two types having nothing whatsoever in common. Medical students would be more at home in the Stock Exchange on Boat-Race night than by a sick bed, and it is my firm belief that eventually they join travelling concert-parties or become masters in preparatory schools. This raises the question of where doctors themselves come from, and in my opinion they are promoted patients. They know the symptoms and treatment of their own illness, and it is noticeable that doctors tend to have favourite diseases and stick fairly rigidly to them; for example, a man who has been treated for digestive trouble begins to practise, and whether you complain of pains in the back, headaches, or spots before the eyes, indigestion is what you will be treated for.

o o

"No details were issued from the White House, but the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt was met by her husband at an airport plainly indicates that she made the return journey by plane."

*Scottish Paper.*

Child's-play, my dear Watson.



DOGGERELS OF WAR—III

*Carton droppers  
Get nabbed by coppers!*



## Difficulty of Conveying a Hint

"BELIEVE it or not, the Censor has deliberately—*deliberately* sent me back my letter to Dublin, torn into a thousand pieces!"

"How very violent! Actually a thousand?"

"Well, dear, don't be literal. It just came back in its envelope, with a very discouraging little note written in the Censor's own hand."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, it was all great nonsense. He said I mustn't ask the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors to send me anything at all, although they positively begged me to say what I wanted."

"But I thought you had a parcel from them the other day."

"So I had. That's the whole trouble. The O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors are the kindest people in the whole world, and the most generous, and completely pro-Ally, but naturally they haven't got second-sight. You couldn't expect it."

"Well, I could in a way. Lots of Irish people have."

"I know, dear. Don't be tiresome. Only about banshees and deaths in the family and things like that. *Not* about our wanting butter and meat instead of pots of honey that they so kindly sent."

"And aren't you allowed to say so?"

"That's the whole trouble, dear. Knowing the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors, I wrote in the simplest possible way and said that now they were allowed to send up to five pound of meat, I was certain they would wish to do it, and how welcome it would be after all these baked beans and potato dishes. And that—a simple straightforward statement like that—is what this miserable Censor calls asking."

"In a way I see what he means."

"So there's nothing for it but to make the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors understand what I want in some slightly indirect way. I'm thinking the whole thing out, and I'll let you know what happens. Luckily, the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors are all of them extraordinarily quick in the uptake."

"No, they don't seem quite to have understood yet. I simply wrote and said that I was going to a fancy-dress party as Little Bo-Peep, underlined—and Mrs. O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connor only answered on a postcard that I

seemed to be having a very gay time in spite of the war. Obviously she didn't understand."

"I'm afraid I'm not sure that I do."

"Dear, think a moment. What was Little Bo-Peep looking for? But I shall just have to think of something else."

"Have you thought of something else for the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors?"

"Well, yes, dear. In my last letter I asked them if they remembered that wonderful quotation: 'A rag and a something and a hank of hair.' I said I had everything *except the missing word*. And all they replied was that they supposed I was taking to crossword puzzles."

"Please don't give up. I feel sure they'll see daylight sooner or later."

"Well, dear, the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors are really *not* what I've always thought them. I gave them a perfectly clear lead, and they've failed again."

"Do tell me."

"I merely wrote them a perfectly ordinary letter and brought in a reference, in the most natural way in the world, to the shamrock being the emblem of dear old Ireland, and what a sad thing it was to miss the emblem of dear old England so continually. And—I'm sure they meant it as kindly as possible—they offered to send me some rose-bushes, if there was a corner of my garden left without potatoes and cabbages. I ask you, dear—roses!"

"Still, the rose is the emblem—"

"Dear, I really think you're worse than the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors. Surely you've heard of the Roast Beef of Old England?"

"I hardly like to ask, but have the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors—"

"Dear, I simply don't know what's the matter with them. They don't seem able to understand the plainest hint."

"You don't mean to tell me you've failed again?"

"You may call it that if you like. Personally, I should say that the O'Leary-McCarthy-O'Connors have failed again. I sent them a long letter, full of news, and simply said in the postscript that I was sleeping very badly, and nowadays one could only,

in this country, count *evacuees* jumping over a stile, but that no doubt in dear old Ireland everything was as it had always been."

"And what did they answer?"

"They wrote back, dear, and said that they were thoroughly uneasy about me and hoped I should take a long rest and not risk a complete breakdown, and they were sending a pot of honey with their love."

E. M. D.

## The Search

THE barrack-room was standing by its beds; sixty airmen in their trousers and shirts, with everything else they possessed in the world spread out neatly on their blankets.

"I may as well tell you," announced Flight-Lieutenant Crabtree from the door, "that this is not a kit inspection, as you were given to understand. Two pound notes are missing from a locker in this room, and you are now going to be searched. Carry on, N.C.O.s!"

We streamed officiously up the room. We had examined men's feet and we had examined men's clothes, but this was something new to us.

I went to a bed in the top corner. The owner was a short grey-haired airman, with a criminal face if ever I saw one. He scowled at me horribly, but would not meet my eye. I started with his holdall, squeezing it in my hands, listening for the crackle of two one-pound notes. There was no crackle, but a darning-needle penetrated deeply into the ball of my thumb.

"Found something?" asked the sergeant at the next bed, who was engaged in holding about a hundred cheap envelopes up to the light.

"Not what I wanted," I said, and to the airman—"unroll those socks!"

He unrolled them, slowly. Something fluttered out of one of them on to the bed.

"What's that?"

"Toffee-paper, Corp. Keep chocolate an' toffee in me socks for safety."

I unrolled the other socks myself. Three bars of chocolate and one of Knutty Kracknell were my reward.

"Why have you two cap-comforters when the official issue is only one?"

He moved from one foot to the other.

"Hand me that tin cash-box affair."

He did so. It was locked. I held out my hand for the key.

"But, Corp—"

"Come along, come along!"

The cash-box contained a number of soiled paper-bags. I laid out their contents on the suspect's spare pair of

trousers: an enormous piece of cook-house cake; an enormous piece of cook-house cheese; a dozen assorted toffees; half a pound of assorted biscuits; three slices of cook-house bread, near-toast.

"Don't you know it's an offence against Station Standing Orders to bring foodstuffs out of the cook-house into your living accommodation?"

"No, didn't know."

"Well, you know now. Put all that muck away again. Let's see your boots, rubber, knee."

There was another enormous piece of cook-house cheese in the left boot, but no pound notes in either. I went through the pockets of his spare tunic next, then his spare trousers, then his greatcoat. Then I did all his webbing, from kicking-strap to water-bottle-carrier. I blew into his water-bottle, and a cloud of dust flew out and all but choked me. Then I looked in his tube of shaving-cream, sternly inspected seven full boxes of matches, making what is known as a "percentage check"—that is, turning out the contents of three of them and telling him to put them back again, took his electric torch to pieces and shook all the bits. No pound notes.

I tore the lining out of his steel helmet and threw it in the corner. I made him unroll his gas-cape and shake it; then his ground-sheet and shake that. I pulled his respirator out of its case, also his eye-shields and his tubes of No. 2 Anti-Gas ointment.

"What are these cigarettes doing in your respirator-case?" I demanded sternly. "Don't you know it's an offence to carry unauthorized articles in your respirator-case?"

"Yes, Corp."

I confiscated the cigarettes. Then I closely examined ten packets of cigarette-papers which I found stuffed in his plimsolls, and tapped an unopened tin of condensed milk all over from top to bottom.

"Where did this tin of condensed milk come from?"

"Ome, Corp."

"I don't believe you."

He pursed his lips but made no reply.

I shook out his polishing-cloth and threw it under the bed. I unfolded his towel, shook it, hurled it into the corner. Then I examined his boot-brushes, scrutinized the inside of his pot, drinking-mug, screwed all his clean laundry up into a ball, listening for the crackle of pound notes. His clean pants crackled deafeningly, and a packet of potato crisps fell heavily to the floor, bursting on impact.

"Clear that mess up," I said.



*"Now personally, curiously enough, I have no talent for drawing whatever—I can't even draw a hyperbola with its axes bisecting the angles between the asymptotes."*

Then I told him to strip the slip off his little hard sausage-shaped pillow, shake it and turn it inside out. Next he unfolded his blankets, shook them and handed them to me one by one. A number of periodicals of an exotic nature showered out on to the bed, together with much parcel-wrapping, two large and partially-decayed pears and a quantity of knotted string. I hurled everything but the pears into the corner.

I was searching the lining of his spare forage-cap when voices were raised at the far end of the room. Presently a man was led away, hanging his head.

"Right," I said to my suspect—"now straighten all this shemozzle up, double-quick!"

"Yes, Corp. 'Ave they found 'im, Corp?"

"Looks like it. Come along, get cracking on this mess!"

"Okay, Corp. When shall I get my two quid back, Corp?"

"Not until after the court-martial. They'll want it to produce as ev—WHAT!"

### By Airgraph

"DEAR SIR,—It may interest you to know that here in the 'wilds' of Iran we recently received a pile of periodicals, most welcome, from Indian welfare sources. Amongst them were at least two copies of Punch, in good, untorn, clean condition—dates of issue September 23, 1914 and February 2, 1916. Is this 'good enough for Punch'?"

Yours truly,  
—, Lt., R.A."

Never mind. One war, as they say, is very like another.



*"Any old non-ferrous metal,  
Any old non-ferrous metal,  
Any, any, any old non-ferrous metal?"*

### *Dawn With the Tanks*

I KNOW an equal dawn with all  
The sword-awakening ones of old—  
Whom do the ancient deeds enthrall  
When all about the days are bold?  
See, now night's curtains dimly fall  
And dawn comes pale and fierce and cold.

The moor is black. The trees' dark capes  
Fill to the wind in moaning ranks,  
Up from the East no dawn escapes  
But a grey light from the cloud banks:  
No gilded battlefield—the shapes  
Faint, monstrous, of the slumbering tanks.

O dawn of winter, English dawn,  
Dawn to make other countries sick!  
The slaty, smudgy, sooty morn  
Peeps forth on factory, farm, plump rick:  
See, home are bumper crops of corn,  
And here is armour inches thick.

The shadows slowly pencil round;  
Figures take form in the half-light;  
The wind carries a throbbing sound,  
Great engines loose the hand of night;  
As, spreading pale on the tank ground,  
Steel-coloured dawns our day to fight.





THE BROKEN COLOSSUS

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, November 24th.**—House of Lords: The Three Must-Get-Theres Again.

House of Commons: Goes Underground—Once More.

**Wednesday, November 25th.**—House of Commons: Sweet Are the Uses Of Equality.

**Thursday, November 26th.**—House of Commons: Talk of the Empire.

**Tuesday, November 24th.**—The House of Peers (as Black Rod will have it) is a great place for aliases. Peers with high-sounding Scottish or Irish titles sit under their United Kingdom names, and the Earl of CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES, for instance, becomes Baron WIGAN—the world-famed Wigan Peer, in fact.

But to-day their Lordships tried out a few titles of their own. Quite unofficial ones, they were, that seemed to give some pain to that authority on lordly nomenclature, Mr. R. L. OVERBURY, Clerk Assistant of the Parliaments. He is reputed to know every Peer's every title, which, as our Transatlantic cousins have it, is "going some."

Sir HENRY BADELEY, Clerk of the Parliaments, really started it. He (quite correctly) called "Lord Cecil" when Lord CRANBORNE had to perform some small duty. Whether this irked Lord CRANBORNE one cannot tell, but he promptly referred to a noble Lord opposite as "Lord Kenworthy"—that being the family name of Lord STRABOLGI, whom he addressed.

So Lord STRABOLGI got his own back by referring (oh, so many times!) to "Lord Burnt-His-Wood," this apparently being the nearest he could get to Lord BRUNTISFIELD (otherwise Sir VICTOR WARRENDER) of the Admiralty. Then Lord MARCHWOOD—of all people—talked about Lord "Strath Bogey," this being yet another rendering of the title of Baron STRABOLGI (created 1318, still going strong).

Mr. OVERBURY sighed resignedly.

The business for the day was a motion by Lord MARCHWOOD, asking once more for Service decorations for Merchant seamen who earn them. At present, in most cases, they get civil

decorations, and his Lordship made it pretty plain that this was not good enough. Not nearly good enough.

"When," he asked, fixing the Lord Chancellor with a Question-Masterly glance, "is a battle not a battle?"

Lord SIMON gave it up.

"When," replied Lord MARCHWOOD, "an officer or man in the Merchant Navy receives an award in the Civil division of the Order of the British Empire."

Lord SIMON bowed gratefully.

Lord CHATFIELD (who seemed to pine for the days of long lines of wooden warships locked in battle) expressed the view that gallantry was gallantry, whatever coat its performer wore, and the third member of the

him an enjoyable voyage "through what are certain to be pretty stormy waters."

Mr. EDEN is a good sailor.

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN asked for the report of the C.H.C.O.T.E.O.M.P.O. C.D.I.W.D.E., but War Minister Sir JAMES GRIGG was unable to make any promise.

Those few Members (and gentle readers of yours, Sir) who do not know perfectly well what these initials stand for, may care to be reminded that they mean: "Cozens-Hardy Committee on the Employment of Military Personnel on Civilian-Duties in War Department Establishments." That is the full name of the Committee, Mr. RIPLEY and others will be pleased to note.

Mr. RICHARD LAW, of the Foreign Office, was asked whether Ministers would ride bicycles, instead of the big "Priority" cars they employ. He replied: "I do!"

Then the House, at the bidding of Lance-Corporal ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P., went into secret session to talk about the need (or lack of need) for reforms in the Army. Sheer force of habit, for nobody really wanted yet another secret sitting.

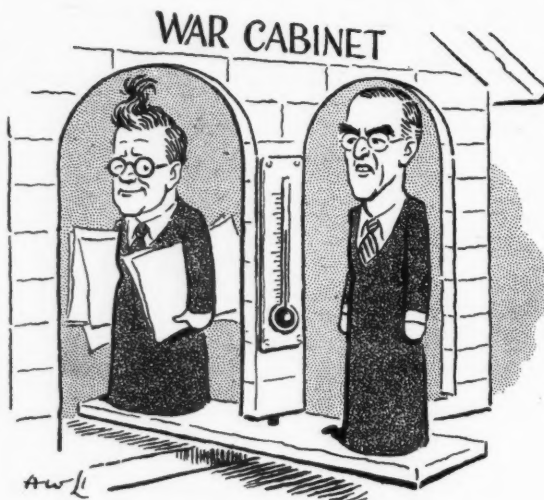
Members heard with deep regret of the sudden death of Mr. J. E. HOLMAN, Surveyor of the Palace of Westminster, the man who, when German bombs shattered the historic home of the Mother of Parliaments, contrived, miraculously, to "make a strange heaven out of indescribable hell." Ministers, Back-Benchers and your scribe alike will

miss his cheery helpfulness.

**Wednesday, November 25th.**—To-day, as the film kings would say, a Parliamentary Orator Was Born.

Mrs. MAVIS TATE has made many effective contributions to the debates of the House of Commons, but her fault has been that she was too excitable, too keen to present her purely partisan case. To-day all that was swept aside. Mrs. TATE presented her case for equal compensation for men and women air-raid victims in a speech that has rarely been equalled in recent times. It was forensic eloquence at its best. *Portia* herself could not have pleaded more cogently or movingly.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the nation wanted this reform, said she, and it was useless for the Minister of Pensions to



IN AND OUT

MR. MORRISON AND SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

"Must-Get-Theres," Lord CORK, added a broadside or two to the engagement.

This brought Lord BRUNTISFIELD into the fray, but he took the line that to interfere with these things was not done, and that the nation's debt to the Merchant Navy was "irrepayable" anyway. So he promised nothing.

Lord MARCHWOOD, having remarked that he was disappointed but in no way indignant, dropped his motion—for the present. But he gave this revised definition of a "battle": "Any fight at sea between ships of opposing nations, whether on, above, or under the sea, quite irrespective of numbers."

Lord SIMON seemed overwhelmed.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN got a hearty cheer when he made his first appearance as Leader of the Commons, and the irrepressible Mr. STOKES wished



*"I'll sign if you insist, but it all seems to me a frightful waste of paper."*

stand first on one leg, then the other, like a cat on hot bricks. Nor did it avail him to jump off the bricks altogether, leaving Mr. ATTLEE, Deputy Premier and War Cabinet Member, to perform an uneasy and involuntary *pas seul*. (Surely it should have been a *valse triste*?)

Select Committees! Mrs. TATE rapped. Select Committees! Mere means of shelving the whole thing, of putting it off to the Whitehall Kalends. She rejected, in advance, the Government's offer.

The House will remember for a long time her quietly-spoken closing words: "For the sake of justice, I beg to move."

Several of the other women Members took part in the debate.

Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE was particularly adroit, and quite casually quoted a High Authority in support of her contention that the right thing to do, in cases where conscience and Party clashed, was to vote for conscience and—er—damn the consequences. The High Authority? The HOME SECRETARY, challenging Government critics on an amendment to the Loyal Address

### THE MOST IDEAL GIFT

"THEY are the most ideal gift I have received, and just what we need for our job with the winter coming on us. So if you have any more to spare, do not forget us—we have a crew of over twenty."

So writes a recipient from the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND. We must respond to this further appeal. You would have us do so, we know, so please help us to meet the requirements of this tanker crew, and of all those in the Fighting Services who look to us for their extra comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

last year. Ministers were not amused. Everybody else was.

Mr. ATTLEE offered his Select Committee with the air of a dealer in more-than-doubtful horses praying silently that the purchaser will have a blind spot for mouths. But of course the entire House X-rayed the quadruped and found it toothless, spavined and generally unattractive.

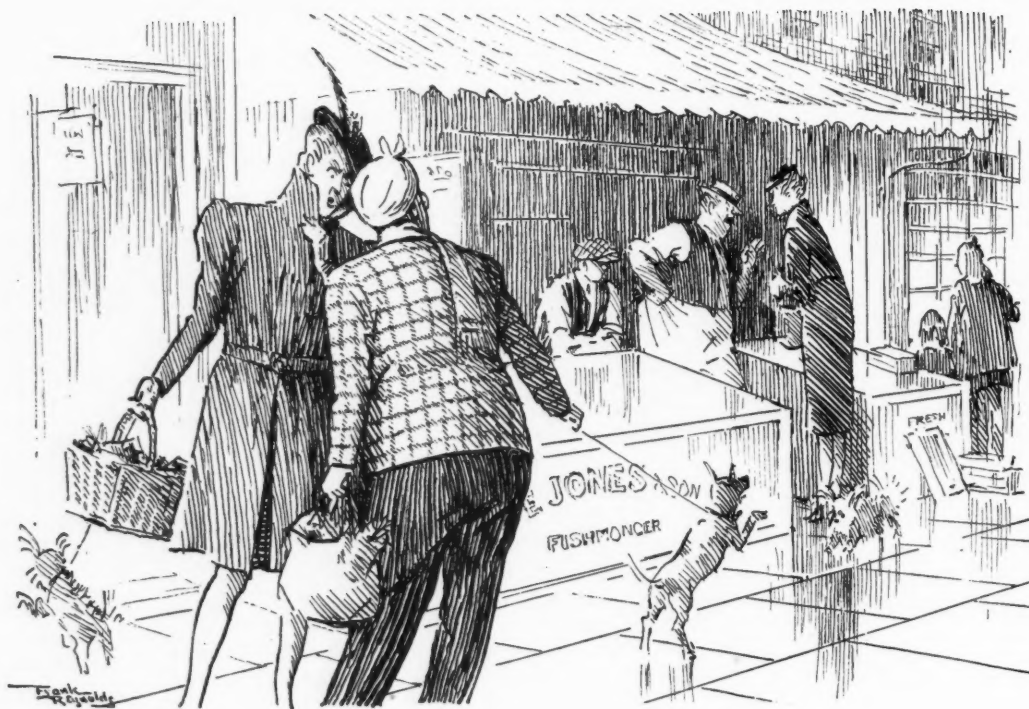
Mr. ATTLEE sighed and passed the buck to Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, Minister of Pensions. He, being a Junior Minister, had to hold it.

Mrs. TATE's proposal was defeated on a division by 229 votes to 95. But that is not the end.

Thursday, November 26th.—Sir JOHN ANDERSON announced (at some length) improvements in Service pay and conditions. They range from the £10 added to the uniform allowance for "new boys" to the 2s. by which the "unit" of War Service Grant is to rise.

Then the House—after a row about Admiral DARLAN—went on to talk about the British Empire, its past, present and future. Particularly its future.





"He's got some lovely kippers under the counter, but don't go saying I told you. Just tell him you heard from an inspired source."

### At the Play

#### WAR-TIME FARE

UNTIL we saw *Let's Face It* at the Hippodrome we fondly imagined that *Du Barry Was a Lady* at His Majesty's was as low a watermark as war-time entertainment was likely to reach. But no, but no! "Deeper and deeper still," as the Handelian tenor sings, doubtless in a totally different connection. What repels us in both of these shows is not so much their shrieking vulgarity as their arrant witlessness.

Even Mr. COLE PORTER, that deft ear-tickling light composer who provides all the tunes and all the lyrics for both of them, seems to have been knocked off his form by the international fracas. Oh, Mr. PORTER, what shall we do, if you have lost the trick of it for good? He has even taken to repeating himself. The ditty in *Let's Face It* called "You Irritate Me So" is merely the fifteen-year-old "You're the Cream in My Coffee" reversed, and we submit that the new catalogue

of tender vituperations—"You're the pain in my tummy, you're the stone in my shoe"—is far less witty than the old one, just as its tune is far less piquant. The jazz-minded reader may now rise in his wrath to tell me (a) that I am no judge of such things and should stick to the drama proper, and (b) that it was someone other than COLE PORTER who wrote the cream-in-my-coffee roundelay. To this I already have the answer (a) that I love wit above most things and dearly love a good tune (else I shouldn't remember that one), and (b) that if so, Mr. PORTER is inverting some other lyric-writer's notion, which is a much less excusable offence than the first.

This composer-writer reminds us of his previous form only in an idiotic something called "I Hate You, Darling," at the Hippodrome, and in a torrid dithyramb called "Katie Went to Haiti" at His Majesty's. But if either tune persists into the next peace as the tunes from *The Bing Boys* persisted into the last one (and persist still), I shall eat all my books, burn all my boats, and forswear all further

consideration of musical comedies for ever.

Let me now warily, queasily, gingerly approach the plots of these two ebullitions of the times we live in. *Let's Face It* deals undeviatingly with the "adoption" by three middling-aged matrons of three young American soldier-boys. The three grey-haired husbands of these ladies (one of them is declared to be a judge) pursue three little girls who seem undecided as to whether they are nurses or chorus-girls. But one of the soldier-boys (Mr. BOBBY HOWES) truly loves one of the chorus-nurses (Miss PAT KIRKWOOD), so that after a penultimate duet everyone is restored to his or her normal courses and recourses, celebrating the fact in an ultimate double-sexet called, as aforesaid, "I Hate You, Darling."

Turning from this triumph of taste, we find at Sir HERBERT TREE'S "beautiful theatre" that master of leer and innuendo, Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE, drinking some doped whisky in a "Washroom at the Club Petite." Mr. RISCOE thereupon dreams a long dream—it lasts two good hours—in which he

becomes King Louis XV of France and sees in his *Du Barry* (Miss FRANCES DAY) the young lady he has long and vainly loved called *Jenny Daly*. It may be said, in parenthesis, that Miss DAY—whether wreathed in smiles in an endless series of *Du Barry*'s wonderful widespread skirts, or wreathed in smiles as Katie who went to Haiti wearing a heliotrope wig, white gloves, a few bits of bunting, a cock's tail, and no skirt at all—is this ponderous fantasy's chief salvation.

Mr. BRUCE TRENT as *Du Barry's* accepted lover sings and looks handsomely, and the costumes are pretty. But there this piece's compensations abruptly end. Its humour is wholly built upon the assumption that current American slang is irresistibly funny when spoken by personages in the majestic clothes of eighteenth-century France. "Skip the dip!" says Louis Quinze to his bowing courtiers. "H'ya, pop!" says the Dauphin prior to shooting an arrow at the king's posterior. This episode provides the big comic scene of the play. Your war-time audience loves it and laughs. Your morose critic gazes upon the spectacle very much as Martial sat on during the Roman games after the Emperor Domitian and his court had left. For after-piece the populace on that occasion was regaled with the spectacle of a fettered prisoner being eaten alive by a bear, and Martial sat alone in the front row, murmuring: "I am going to stay. These are my times. I must see them. I want to know my times." A. D.

## CORRECTION

In the issue of *Punch* dated November 11, Mr. DAVID WEHL was referred to as a Czech. This is incorrect. Mr. WEHL's nationality is British.

## *Prelude and Performance*

## VI—The Latecomers

"I AM so sorry to keep you all waiting like this. But it's Hugh and Patricia—they're late, as usual."

"Aren't they frightful? We asked them to lunch last Sunday at 1.30 and they arrived at ten past two. Dick was furious with them."

"Well, it's a bit much—I mean to say, if one's friends don't take more trouble than that, they're not worth having, that's what I say."

"In war-time too, when one can't afford to let food spoil."

"I know. I don't know *what* will have happened to the Woolton pie by now. I said 7.30, meaning to dine at eight, and it's 8.20 now."

"Well, they can't have any dinner, that's all. Let's go in and start, and you mark my words, Joan, they shall *not* have anything brought back specially for them. I won't stand for that sort of behaviour."

"Darling, here we are at last. We're frantically late, I know, but Hugh couldn't get his torch to work."

"Oh, poor Hugh. Never mind, it's lovely to see you now you are here."

"Hullo, Joan, hullo, Charles. Sorry we're so late."

"That's all right, old boy. I've got a drink all ready for you in the shaker."

"Splendid. Hullo, there's old Dick and Viola! I say, have you two forgiven us for ruining your lunch last Sunday?"

"Don't be absurd—it wasn't ruined a bit. How are you, Patricia darling?"

"Patricia—do excuse us, won't you, but we started. Charles, go and get the Woolton pie out of the oven, will you?"

"Rather!"

"My dear, it's *no* bother. I'm so awfully apologetic that we began without you."

## VII—The Canteen

"Lady Langham, we're short of one helper for Wednesday. Margot can't come."

"Oh, dear, how tiresome! We shall have to ask Miss Munger, I'm afraid."

"Oh, *not* her, Lady Langham. She's

simply hopeless. If you put her on the counter she gets all the change wrong."

"Then she must do the cakes."

"Not the cakes, I implore you, Lady Langham. Last time she made the most ghastly mess of the cutting up and ruined a whole Swiss roll."

"Well, can't she help with the washing-up?"

"She's so clumsy. She's already broken three coffee cups."

"Oh, dear, and they're so hard to get."

"I'd willingly have her to help me lay the tables, Lady Langham, only I have to go round behind her and alter every single thing she does."

"Well, I simply don't know who else to get. We shall just all have to share her out, that's all."

"Good morning, Miss Munger. It's so good of you to come. You've been helping Mrs. Cox with the tables I see . . . you've done them beautifully . . . glasses go on the *right*-hand side . . . that's it. It's so easy to get muddled, isn't it? Now, I don't think I'll put you on the counter to-day, as it's rather tiring work. But would you help Miss Vincent with the cakes? She'll be so thankful for you when the rush starts . . . Pamela, you'll be delighted to hear I've got a recruit for you. Miss Munger has done the cakes before and knows all about it, so you can happily leave the arranging to her and do the cutting yourself. And after that, Miss Munger, will you be an angel and help in the scullery? . . . Thank you *so* much. But I will tell them you are only to do the drying, as washing-up is such a horrid job. . . ." M. D.



*"The composition of to-night's Brains Trust will come as a surprise to most listeners."*

## Haddock House

THE sun streams in merrily to the general office of the Haddock Centre of Bar-Talk and Back-Chat (with which is incorporated the Haddock Poll). Our Public-Opinion-Tasters were all out at work last night; and now, first thing in the morning, the process of sifting, clarifying, segregating, integrating, disinfecting and distributing begins.

Things are not going *quite* as smoothly as usual, perhaps: for last night the Haddock Net was spread over the taverns of London: and not all our Opinion-Tasters are accustomed to spending the evening in taverns.

Indeed, looking round the merry circle, I cannot think of a single Opinion-Taster of whom I could say certainly that she has ever visited a tavern before. Nor am I sure that the word "merry" should not be withdrawn. Certainly Mildred is not her merry self. Mildred's mission last night was to get for us an "angle" (more often called a "trend" at this Bureau) on the vexing question "DO SAILORS LIKE BEER?"

(You must understand that, in addition to many independent inquiries of our own, we undertake certain special investigations for various Government departments. The question "Do Sailors Like Beer?" was laid before us, for one reason or another, by the Ministry of Food, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Ministry of Health, the Home Office and the Treasury—the point here, of course, being that if sailors do like beer it should be taxed more heavily or perhaps abolished.)

Mildred began her investigations at the "Ship and Porpoise," where she was lucky enough to find two sailors, silent but contented, with one foot (each) on the brass rail and one elbow on the bar.

Mildred nestled to the side of the larger sailor and began work at once. Here is her very frank and faithful report:—

I said: "Good-evening. Do you like beer?"

He said. "Thank you, Miss. Mine's a pint."

I said: "And your companion?"

"Bert? The same."

At this point (Mildred shyly confesses) I did not know quite what I should do next. Fortunately, however, the barmaid seemed to be gifted with some uncanny second sense: and she provided liquids to which the sailors offered no objection.

The first sailor then said: "What about you, Miss?"

"About me?" I replied, embarrassed.

"Can't drink alone, you know," said the sailor.

I paused to make a note of this remark, which seemed significant. The Herd Trend, Escape from Solitude, Instinct of Comradeship, etc.

I said: "I fear I do not drink beer."

"Well, try a short one," said the sailor.

"A short one?" I answered, mystified by the queer phrase.

"Give her a gin," said the second sailor.

The barmaid complied.\* The sailors then made some observation which I did not catch exactly. It sounded like "Well, here's mud in your eye, Miss," but obviously it could not have been that. They then drank. I did what I could.

I had never taken gin before; and I held tight to a rail I saw before me. I have always heard that after a single drop of gin one fell to the ground.

However, to my surprise, I found that I was able to stand without assistance: and my brain seemed clearer and brighter than before.

I judged from the behaviour of the sailors that my first question was adequately answered. But it occurred to me that here was an opportunity perhaps to pursue one of the Bureau's private inquiries. I said:

"Do you think, Mr. Sailor"—(Mildred is here using the whimsical mode of address which is part of our regular procedure: "Mr. Sailor," "Mr. Lawyer," "Mr. Chimney-Sweeper," and so on)—"do you think, Mr. Sailor, that there should be an Integration of the Allied War Effort through a Unified Cosmic Command?"

"Mine's a pint, Miss," was the odd reply.

"Same again?" said the barmaid, glancing round our little ring: and before I knew what had happened there were two more large tankards and a small glass of some clear liquid before us.\*

The first sailor said something like: "Alluwishyoursef, Miss": but again I could not swear to the word. Again, however, I formed the tentative opinion that sailors do like beer.

As for myself, I seemed to see everything much more clearly and confidently than before; and I determined

to pursue the current problem to a more satisfactory conclusion.

"Do you mean," I said, "that in your view a Dissipation of our Global Mental Forces is obviously incompatible with a due concentration of our physical *matériel*?"

"Mine's a pint, Miss," said the sailor.

Baffled by the formula, I tried again. "May I then put you down as 'Yes,' 'No,' or 'Don't know'?"

"Don't know, Miss."

I therefore (Mildred continues) beg to add 1 (one) to the "Don't Knows" on the Cosmic Co-ordination Problem.

(A little worrying, this, because one wonders just *how* much importance can be attached to the other—very numerous—"Don't Knows" in the Haddock Poll. Mildred continues:)

I then said (to confirm my main conclusion): "So, Mr. Sailor, you like beer?"

"No, Miss."

"What?" Staggered, I endeavoured to re-accentuate my view-point. The answer seemed a *volte face*.

To stabilize the dialectical position, I said: "Can you mean that beer is *not* your favourite beverage?"

"No, Miss," was the answer. "Screws."

Screws? *Screws*? Why screws? I could not tell.

"What is 'screws'?" I said intelligently, so as to show that, for all I knew, he might be using a password which, for all he knew, I might know.

"Rheumatics," he said. "Pains in the back and side. And the elbow-joints."

This, I confess, was a new vista of life entirely. I said: "But what is the equation?"—(meaning, of course: "What exactly is the connection between my question about beer and your odd remark about rheumatism—or screws, as you seem to call it?")

He said: "A Scotch, Miss—no, three."

I was so taken aback by this reply that the barmaid had prepared and distributed a number of glasses before I could make any protest.\*

The ritual salutes were made. The first sailor used some meaningless expression (it sounded like "Cheero"), and I had my first taste of "Scotch" (whatever that may be).

Somewhat to my surprise I found that my brain was even clearer than

\* Bill attached

\* Bill attached



before, and I attempted to explore another of our problems.

I said: "What is your tendency about the Prime Minister?"

The first sailor said: "Scotch, Miss."

I said: "Wait a minute. In this case, perhaps, I may be permitted to guide you."

"Scotch, please, Miss," said the sailor.

"Half a minute," I responded, a little nettled. "I must tell you that when things are going well you should be ninety-eight per cent. behind the Prime Minister"—(This girl knows her stuff, sober or not)—"but when things are going badly it is not considered correct for more than sixty per cent. to support him. Which is *your* tendency?"

(The girl, I suppose, meant "angle"—I simply record what she said.)

"Scotch, Miss," said the sailor.

"Scotch?" I said, probing his mind.

"But I thought you liked beer?"

"No, Miss. Screws."

"Screws?"

"Screws, Miss."

"You like screws better than beer?"

"No, Miss. A small Scotch."

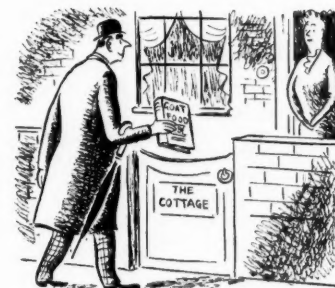
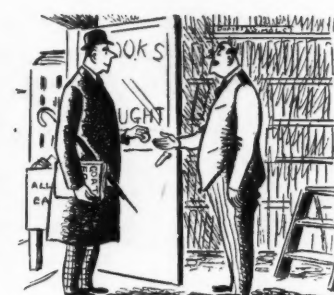
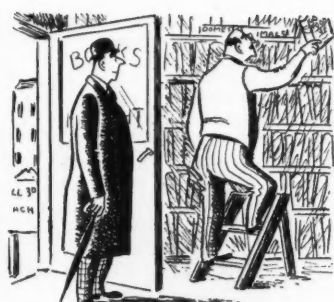
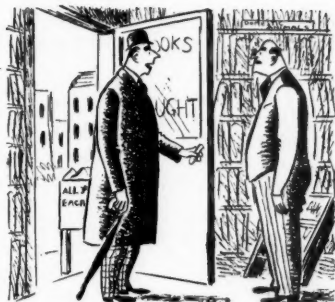
"I don't follow."

"I didn't mention a follow, Miss. I hope I know my place."

At this point Mildred's notes abruptly end. Mildred herself has just asked prettily if she may go home; and I have let her go.

I have put the two sailors down as "Don't Knows."

A. P. H.



## The Higher Neutrality

THE other day, in the Dublin bus, I met with Muirphaigh again. There had been a certain amount of conversation, so far as the roar of the bus permitted; and, as Muirphaigh got in, somebody talking of Hitler had just made use of the phrase, "as damned as Satan."

"Excuse me," said Muirphaigh. "We're all neutral in this bus, and I must take exception to that remark. It's not neutral."

"Ah, sure, I only said it for something to say," said the other man. "I didn't really mean it."

"And besides that," said Muirphaigh, "we've not heard his side of the case. He has never yet written his *Mein Kampf*. And, when he does, he may have a lot to say for himself."

"Is it Satan you mean?" said the other man.

"Who else?" said Muirphaigh.

"But you're not neutral in religion?" I asked.

"Isn't this war being fought for great moral issues?" said Muirphaigh.

"We needn't go into them, but isn't it being fought for moral issues?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Very well," said Muirphaigh. "And aren't great moral issues the concern of religion? Then, if we're neutral in the one, we're neutral in the other."

"Isn't that going rather far?" I asked.

But Muirphaigh only replied: "We'll defend our neutrality in the last ditch, to the last drop of blood, against every nation in the world."

In that case I saw that it would be no use trying to go against Muirphaigh. So I asked him more about Satan. And the other man hastily put in,

"I never meant to say anything against him," and then subsided.

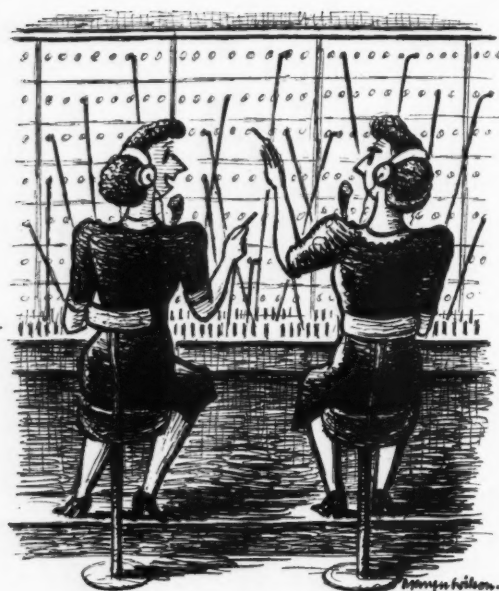
"It's just that we're a neutral country," said Muirphaigh, "and expressions like that," pointing at the original offender, "are better not made in public. Mind you, I'm not saying I'm for Satan, and I'm not saying I'm against him. But if this bus were to give another great lurch, like that last, and maybe go into the side of a house, there's some of you wouldn't like to have words on your lips like what he used just now."

And a muttered chorus went up, saying, "Begob, that's true."

ANON.

### Taking It

"Among them are Highlanders, who disembarked to the skirl of the bagpipes, a new instrument to the Algerians. Algiers is now almost back to normal."—*Inverness Courier*.



"I wish we had the phone at home."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### An Ivory Tower

THE ivory tower, that serene retreat from life's turmoil, which a hundred years ago the French romantics proclaimed as the fitting habitation for artists, has long since fallen into disrepute. Nowadays artists of all kinds are busy in the world, serving some cause or interpreting some collective emotion, and opposed in principle to ivory towers, though in practice not noticeably negligent of their own comfort and security. It appears from *Evenings in Albany* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6), a volume of reminiscences interesting both in themselves and as a social document, that Mr. CLIFFORD BAX has suffered a good deal from the prevailing attitude to ivory towers. He was nearly thirty at the beginning of the last war, his youth was passed in the Indian summer of the aesthetes, and he has found his happiness in old English music and "England's vintage verse," in travel in Italy and Sicily, and in carefully chosen friendships with members of both sexes. From 1932 till the air-raids of 1940 he had rooms in Albany, and now, bombed out of that ivory tower, looks back over his past life with a mixture of satisfaction and uneasiness.

His uneasiness is most obvious when he is rebutting a reproach Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY once levelled at him. He would, Mr. PRIESTLEY told him, be a better man and a better writer if only he were more vulgar. Mr. BAX gives a long list of distinguished writers with no more claim to be vulgar than himself—a list which begins with HOMER, VIRGIL and DANTE, and ends with HENRY JAMES and W. B. YEATS. But although he denounces "the sentimental and degenerate cult of the Little Man" and praises the great aristocratic periods, the Italian Renaissance and the age of ELIZABETH, he never gives the impression that even in the furthest recesses of his ivory tower he can altogether

forget Mr. PRIESTLEY and democracy, and the unintelligible verse of Mr. AUDEN and Mr. DYLAN THOMAS, and all the other portents of an uncongenial and frightening age.

In his treatment of love he is reminiscent of GEORGE MOORE, sharing his fondness for expensive settings. The hero of one of the episodes he narrates exclaims, on reaching Madeira, "God! What a place for a pair of young lovers with undimmed senses, high hopes, and a pleasant income"; and the heroine of another episode meditates suicide because her lover cannot see his way to install her in a little eighteenth-century house with a rent of five hundred guineas a year. But there is one episode with real feeling in it—the struggle of a wife to keep a husband who loves another woman. If Mr. BAX always wrote like this, he might feel more easy about his tower.

H. K.

#### Mirror of India

It is not by any means the most advanced of English thinkers who consider that we have done our best by India in giving her "a little bit of wot we 'as ourselves." MACAULAY, it is true, looked forward to the day when India should "demand European institutions." But Sir WALTER LAWRENCE, with the far greater insight of 1914, would have turned the whole of British India into Indian States. Major F. YEATS-BROWN, of *Bengal Lancer* fame, believes that this cannot happen now; but no one can read *Indian Pageant* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6) without feeling that to hand over farmers and fighting-men to the theory and practices of "intellectuals"—either in India or elsewhere—is asking for trouble. The entire history of India, panoramically unrolled in this brilliant little book, is both typical and unique. On its typical side it sheds light on similar problems everywhere. But by an admirably selective yet impartial handling of great movements and great men—indigenous and imported—the particularly Indian dilemmas of the last chapters are far more vividly appreciated. It is not only AKBAR—who tried and failed, in the sixteenth century, to unite Moslems and Hindus—who shows what can be done in India and what cannot.

H. P. E.

#### Causeries de Samedi

This is the second year of *The Saturday Book* under the editorship of LEONARD RUSSELL (HUTCHINSON, 12/6). The 1943 book is less yellow than its predecessor, though the atmosphere is still one of strictly fashionable and slightly chilly culture. There are war photographs, war articles, war records—"Actualities" as the editor puts it, "play a larger part." But there are also critical studies, short stories, woodcuts, notes from foreign correspondents. What will you get for your 12/6? Plenty, and most of it has never been printed before. There is an extraordinary piece of writing by Squadron-Leader MACLACHLAN, the one-armed fighter-pilot—a straight account of his crash over Malta and his sufferings in hospital, which expresses perfectly the white-hot passion for flying. ("My one ambition now is to get a 109 and God willing I'll do it. When I arrived back in M3 I found a letter from mother and the shilling bet I won from Sister Dempsey for flying within three weeks of my accident. I certainly am a happy man to-night.") There is a masterly article by Professor BROGAN on President ROOSEVELT, ALEXANDER WERTH's boring Blitz diary, a highly whimsical portrait in the hallway by SEAN O'CASEY, this time of Lady GREGORY (who is described as a cross between the Lord Jesus Christ and *Puck*). JAMES AGATE contributes an appreciation of EDITH EVANS, which (disappointingly) turns out to be a review of

his own press-cuttings. H. E. BATES's short novel, "The Bride Comes to Evensford," is a masterpiece—precise, exquisite, terrifying; PETER QUENNELL writes on Holland House, ERIC NEWTON on PAUL NASH; BERNARD DARWIN's essay on running-matches is worthy to stand beside HAZLITT's on boxing. His light touch is very welcome in a somewhat humourless collection. (WILL CUPPY's "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes" is apparently supposed to be funny, but the text gives no evidence of this.) No paper shortage, by the way, can excuse the villainous layout of this book. The photographs are crammed in together at close quarters and the print looks like an advertisement for patent medicine. P. M. F.

### Physics and Philosophy

If you belong to the small minority of readers who have never found Sir JAMES JEANS easy, you will approach his *Physics and Philosophy* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6) with proper respect. You will also set your teeth and continue: for, having accepted Mr. BERTRAND RUSSELL's dictum that philosophy is concerned not with man alone but with the whole universe, you naturally wish to hear what science has to say about that universe. It seems that the prime questions of philosophy—the nature of reality and the extent of free-will—also dominate the realm of physics. After summarizing and illustrating the historic parallels between the two studies—and both summary and illustrations are wonderfully plain, in spite of being compressed—Sir JAMES JEANS gets down to the newest conclusions of the physicists and the crux of the book. Delightful new possibilities appear. The dangerously material scientist of last century is suddenly on the side of the angels, or at least against the materialists. What appeared solid and fixed in the world immediately about us, the nature of the objects we handle and the journeys we make, becomes uncertain and fluid in the worlds of greater and of lesser magnitude, those of astronomy and the atom. The prison-house of reality opens its doors when science admits that it, too, must deal in shadows—that at the last it can come no closer to reality than mathematical formulæ and other representations. As for free-will, even here there is hope: "The classical physics," we are told, "seemed to bolt and bar the door leading to any sort of freedom of the will; the new physics hardly does this; it almost seems to suggest that the door may be unlocked—if only we could find the handle." J. S.

### Speaking from Germany

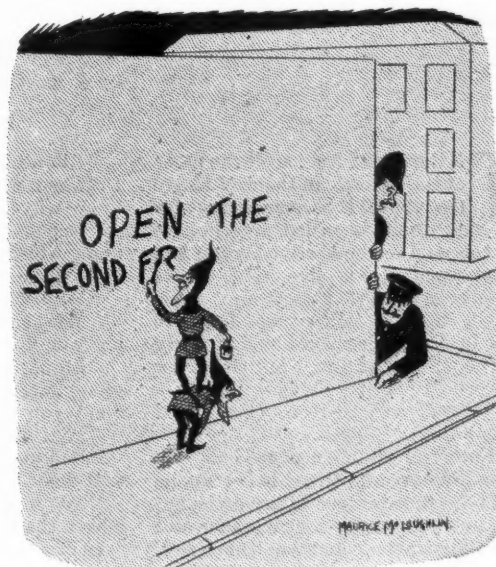
There is a delightful snapshot study, in *Assignment to Berlin* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 12/6), of fat-boy GOERING, possibly the richest man in the world and certainly one of the wickedest, presiding at a meeting of the Reichstag which has been summoned to hear HITLER make his usual speech. GOERING is bored. He is drawing "doodles" on the pad in front of him while the FUEHRER storms and raves. Sudden applause rouses him and he drops his pencil to clap louder than anyone else. Mr. HARRY W. FLANNERY, appointed to broadcast from Berlin for an American radio system, had opportunity to study Germans at close quarters both in the seats of the mighty and among humble people at last beginning to realize that the war was going wrong. Surprisingly, what seems to have struck him most was their inefficiency. He used his eyes and ears to such advantage that although he went to Germany almost an isolationist he was completely convinced, long before Pearl Harbour and in spite of all insidious attempts to win him over, that Americans must bestir themselves for the freeing of the

world. His book is largely the personal record of a home-sick man in uncongenial surroundings, doing his work well and keeping a stiff back for the Nazi censors, and he brings a new touch into war literature by a kind of inability to keep out of the story the RUTH and little girl PAT he had left at home. He was recalled only just in time to escape a Nazi prison. C. C. P.

### Round a World at War

With the pen of *Truthful James* and the heart of a friend and ally, Mr. ALLAN MICHIE, a Scots-American war-correspondent of New York *Life*, tells America and Britain what he knows about the war in the Middle and Far East. That he doesn't know more he sets down to the tiresomeness of those British censors (civil and military) who regard newspaper men as necessary evils. His unbaflled entry, however, of any door left ajar, and the inspiring honesty with which he describes what he saw inside it, render *Retreat to Victory* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6) an exceptionally vivid record; not less so because, ending last August, its military achievements are almost wholly confined to a series of delaying actions fought to gain time. From London (and six hundred air-raids) Mr. MICHIE entered Cairo, via Lourenço Marques, in time to secure the story of Crete from survivors. He accompanied our Forces to Syria, Iran, Iraq and Libya; and wound up in Manila by way of India, Burma and Singapore. The war's feats of heroism and their stupid and/or shady antecedents emerge in customary contrast; and a particularly interesting survey of Arabian problems caps an amusing and instructive visit to the Emir ABDULLAH of Transjordan. H. P. E.

Mr. Punch welcomes and recommends "FOUGASSE's" *Sorry—No Rubber* (METHUEN, 6/-); W. A. SILLINCE's *We're Still All In It* (COLLINS, 6/-); and two books of poems many of which have appeared in *Punch: This is the Hour*, by AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON (THE FORTUNE PRESS, 5/-), and *Winged Victory*, by "ARIEL" (BLACKWELL, 2/6).



"There, Inspector! What did I tell you?"





"Well, it's not MY idea of a prize for Greek prose."

## Ye Greate Fogge\*

By Smith Minor

THE reason I have spelt the name of this article in the way I have (see above) is becorse we are now entering what is called the Festive Seazon, and in the Festive Seazon you often spell words like that. For instanse, supose you wrote an artickle about, say, a hotel that was faling to bits, in the summer you wuold properly call it "The Old Inn," but in winter you wuold call it "Ye Olde Inne." "Why?" asked Green, when I told him.

(Note. Most of my readers will know by now who Green is becorse he has been in seventeen of my artickles, but in case you are a new reader and don't know, one gets them sometimes, he's another boy. End of note.)

\* Nov. 11. We may say date now. *Author.*

"I don't know why," I said.  
 "Then why do a thing you don't know why?" he said.  
 "One dose lots of things one dosen't know why," I said.  
 "Tell me one," he said.  
 "Well, what about yawning?" I said.  
 "You yawn when you're sleepy," he said.  
 "I grant that," I said, "but why do you yawn when you're sleepy, why don't you sneaze?"  
 "That stumps me," he said.  
 "It stumps me too," I said, "but that dosen't stop me yawning."  
 "No, it dosen't," he said. "That makes the skore 16 to 85."  
 In case the reader dosen't know what the above last bit means, and how shuold he or she, Green and I keap the skore of wich one wins our arguements,

and at the end of the year the one who has won most is let off giving the other a Christmas present. I was the 16 and Green the 85. If I were you I'd try it, becorse it makes this rather dull world seam a bit more interesting.

Well, anyhow, now you know why I've spelt the tittle of this artickle like I have, even though I don't know, and so I'll get on to the artickle itself.

It was the thickest fog I've ever seen, in fact I shuold say that anybody has ever seen, though mind you that's jest a guess, in fact it was so thick that,

"None went out bar those who'd got to,  
 While Mothers told their children not to,"

in fact, it was so thick,

(1) That pea soup wasn't in it.

(2) That if you were out and looked down you couldn't see your feet.

(3) That if you put up your hand, lo! it wasn't there.

(4) That if you breathed in through your mouth you didn't drink the fog, you ate it.

(5) That you'd of put on your gas masque but for the Rubber Shortage, we being told now to take greater care of them, wick I hope you're doing.

(6) That the first thing you knew that anybody was coming was when (a) you walked smack into them, or (b) they walked smack into you.

One could go on for years like this, but I think I have said enough to show the reader that the fog was thick.

Now, the reason I went out was because I was with my aunt, the one who is not very well, and she wanted a letter posted, and when she asked me if I'd like to post it for her I said I would (post it, not like to), and, well, that's why I went out.

"You won't get lost, will you?" she said.

"I don't know yet," I said.

"Oh, dear, that would be awful," she said.

"It would," I said, "but even when you're lost, you must be somewhere."

"What does that mean?" she said.

"I'm not sure," I said. (I get a lot of thorts, and most of them mean something when I work them out, but sometimes I find that they don't.) And then I said, "Where is the piller-box?"

"Oh, not very far," she said. "When you get to the corner take the first on the right and then the second on the left, no, I mean the second on the left and then the first on the right, is that right, no, the first was right, now run along, and be sure you don't get lost."

I don't want you to think my aunt is dippy, honestly she's not, but she has bad headaches, and sometimes she suddenly stands still and says, "Now I'm in Australia," meaning she feels upside-down, and so one day she may be\*, but if she is I've promised to look after her, she being alone, and me not having any what's called Responseribilities, and besides, you can't get away from it, I like her. So, you see, this is another case of doing a thing without knowing why.

Well, anyway, after that I thort I'd better not ask her for any more direcshuns, and I went out, and the moment I got out I was swallowed in the voyd, as they say, and No. 6 hapened. (See above, or the last column, or wherever it is when this is printed.) But if you can't find it, then what

hapened was that I walked smack into somebody, or rather their stummoch.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"So am I," they said.

"Can you tell me the way to the piller-box?" I said.

"Wich one?" they said.

"Any one," I said.

"No," they said.

"Thank you," I said.

"What for?" they said.

"Well, I suppose you'd of told me if you could of," I said.

"That's where you're wrong," they said, "I wouldn't of, not after the way you walked into my stummoch."

"Oh," I said.

(The reason I kept on writing "they," and not "he" or "she" was because I couldn't see their face, and they had one of those queer voices that might belong to either seques, you find them sometimes.)

Well, I went along for a bit, and the next person I asked was a shadow that shrieked, we both did, and the next person I asked was a horse, it gave me a shock. When I got over it I decided not to ask any more, so the next three poeple I bumped into I bumped off of *sans parler*, as they say, and after that I thort the best thing to do was to sort of swim, of corse not really, jest with your hands, so they'd touch anything in front before you bumped it, and perhaps if I went on long enough, who wotted, they might presently touch a piller-box.

I went on for what seemed like years. It was a funny thing, but now I didn't bump into anybody, or even touch them. Perhaps they saw my hands coming and nipped out of the way. After all, when you come to work it out, who wouldn't? But I couldn't see anything coming, bar once a lighted house a mile high that turned out to be a bus, and presently I got a feeling that I was all alone in the middle of Yellow Space and that everyone else in the world had died. In fact,

"One groaped one's way, with rising hair

Along a road that wasn't there,"

if you know what I mean, and I swore that I would never go out in a fog again, not even if Churchill asked me to, let alone an aunt, and I don't mean to.

Now I suppose the gentel reader will be thinking that I never got to the piller-box at all, because was it likely, but when I tell him or her how it ended I think he or she will be surprised, anyhow I hope they will.

I was jest giving up hope, and really thinking I'd never see anybody again, when lo! I did see somebody, and I

went up to them and asked, "Please, where's a piller-box?" and lo, it was the piller-box.

Did you guess that? Well, even if you did, I'll bet you won't guess the next one. My aunt had forgotten to give me the letter she'd asked me to post.

Mind you, you may have guessed that, too. Well, if you have, you've won.

o o

## At the Ballet

### "THE BIRDS"

THE Sadlers Wells Company have made another delightful addition to their repertoire with the new ballet *The Birds*, by CHIANG YEE and ROBERT HELPMANN, with music by RESPIGHI.

It is perhaps unusual to place the name of the designer of the *décor* and costumes first among the creators of a new ballet, but anyone who is at all familiar with Mr. CHIANG's delightful books will immediately recognize that he has taken a very large share in this production, which is full of the freshness and the particular brand of sympathetic and gentle humour of *A Silent Wanderer*. Mr. HELPMANN has given yet another proof of his versatility and sense of style in translating these into the terms of the dance.

The story is of the love of the *Dove* (ALEXIS RASSINE) for the *Nightingale* (BERYL GREY). The *Hen* (MOYRA FRASER) is jealous, disguises herself as the *Nightingale* (or tries to) and does all she can to attract the attention of her heart's desire, the romantic *Dove*. The *Cuckoo*, a spiteful character (GORDON HAMILTON), tries in vain to woo the *Nightingale* by dressing up as the *Dove*; but of course neither he nor the *Hen* deceive anyone, least of all the two guttersnipe *Sparrows*, who jeer at them and finally tear off their would-be disguises. There are four *Attendant Doves* who do nothing in particular but look very pretty, and everything comes right in the end. But while the *Dove* carries off the *Nightingale*, the *Hen* carries off the chief honours of the show. MOYRA FRASER is delightfully absurd, and her appearance is always accompanied by loud cluckings from the orchestra which have the most comical effect. It is all very good fun, and is carried through with unfailing invention and lightness of touch, from the delicate blues, greens and pinks of Mr. CHIANG's colour-scheme to the smallest details of Mr. HELPMANN's choreography, which scores all its points without needless emphasis. D. C. B.

\*Dippy. Author.

## Solo

"WHEN my children gather round my knee and ask wistfully 'What did you do in the Second Great War, Daddy?'" said Second-Lieutenant Sympton savagely, "my first instinct will be to reply that I played solo-whist until I was sick."

We started playing when we mustered at Wimperton after our embarkation leave. It rained all the time we were at Wimperton, and Second-Lieutenant Duckwood produced a pack of cards and asked if anybody played bridge. Sympton said that he was quite keen on it and that he had once played with a man whose uncle knew Culbertson. I confessed that I had played a very little, a long time ago, and a tall fierce-looking subaltern named Gatwick said that he was willing to make up a four.

Gatwick called one spade and made a grand slam, and then there was a terrible scene about the score, because Sympton and Duckwood insisted that we were playing Contract, and Gatwick was equally certain that we were playing Auction. In the end we decided to play solo. We were a week at Wimperton, and by the time we entrained for our port of embarkation we had played two hundred and sixty-four hands, with the result that Gatwick, who had Scots blood in his veins on his mother's side, was ninepence to the good.

"We must get a new pack of cards at the station," said Sympton. "The three of diamonds is bent."

There were no cards available at the station. When we arrived at the port of embarkation the three of diamonds had broken into fragments and the Joker had been substituted for it. Gatwick had increased his winnings to elevenpence, the whole of which was owed by myself, owing to mistaking the ace of diamonds for the ace of hearts in a tunnel.

On board ship we settled down to the game immediately after breakfast each day. The O.C. troops sometimes took one of us away for duty, on which occasions a man named Niblet made up the four, his losses counting against the man for whom he deputized. Niblet was a reckless player, and often his unfortunate victim would return to the game to find himself as much as one-and-elevenpence or even two-and-threepence (if it was me) in debt.

Moreover Niblet was extremely careless with the cards, and had a habit of standing his beer on the tricks, so that after a few weeks of the voyage almost every card was marked with a brown ring.

"We shall have to get a new pack of cards when we arrive at our destination," said Sympton.

Meanwhile we tried to wash the pack, but it was not a success, partly

because we were too impatient and used them again before they were properly dry.

The ace of spades disappeared, and it was not until we had turned the ship upside-down (figuratively speaking) that Niblet discovered it stuck to the back of the knave of diamonds, and when he peeled it off it came away very thin and perfectly blank, while the ghost of the ace could be seen still on the back of the knave of diamonds.

What with this and the brown rings, the game took on quite a new complexion, as the skill lay in remembering the position of the brown rings (paler, but still visible) on the various cards, also which cards were mended with stamp-paper and which with adhesive tape.

We discovered that Gatwick was sitting up at night putting new rings on some of the cards and scraping the rings off others with a pen-knife, and hot words ensued, but he accused Sympton of sticking adhesive tape over some of the stamp-paper. Not to be outdone, I suddenly reintroduced the discarded three of diamonds into the pack in place of the ace of clubs, and cleaned up an unexpected abundance, so that when we landed I was ninepence to the good.

Unfortunately the other three, supported by Niblet, decided that I must spend it on a new pack of cards, which cost me half-a-crown.



"Lady 'ere complains she's being followed."

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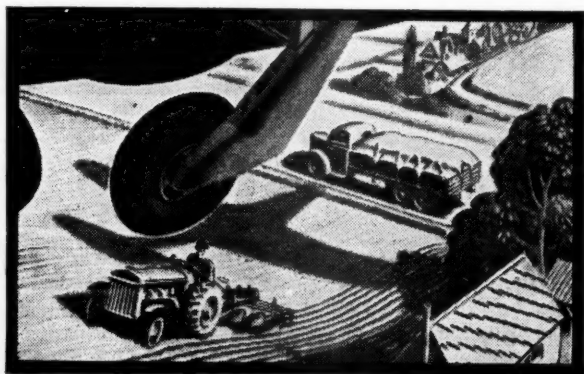
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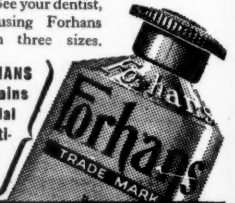
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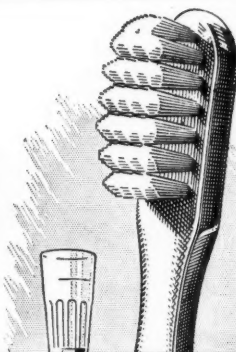
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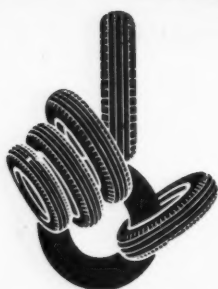
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## HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

### WHICH ARE THE BODY-BUILDING FOODS?

The human body is constantly suffering wastage. It is the food we eat which makes good this wear and tear on the tissues, and it is the proteins in our food which perform this essential body building. That is why children between the ages of 12 and 15 years—when the really big job of growing is done—have a greater need for proteins in their daily diet than a husky miner working at the coal face.

Proteins are obtainable from animal foods such as meat, milk and eggs, and from certain vegetables such as peas and beans. These proteins, however, differ from the proteins of which human tissues are composed and are broken down by the process of digestion and then re-formed into body tissue—much as a meccano model of a tank is taken down and rebuilt into an aeroplane.

The most important sources of protein are meat (and don't forget offal), fish, cheese and eggs. Next come cereals such as oatmeal and bread, peas, beans and nuts. Be careful to see that the meat juices which come out in roasting are used for soups or gravy or valuable food elements will be lost. For the same reason, to fry fish is always better than to boil it.

*This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of*

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